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Wanted—An active, reliable man—salary \$75 to \$80 monthly, with increase, to represent in his own section a responsible New York House. References. MANUFACTURER, 105 Box 158, New York.

The volumes of the Magazine begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order. Bound Volumes of Harper's Magazine for three years back, in neat cloth binding will be sent by mail, post-paid on receipt of \$3.00 per volume. Cloth cases for binding, 50 cents each—by mail post paid.

Mr. William T. Price, a Justice of the Peace, at Richland, Nebraska, was confined to his bed last winter with a severe attack of lumbago; but a thorough application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm enabled him to get up and go to work. Mr. Price says: "The Remedy cannot be recommended too highly." Let any one troubled with rheumatism, neuralgia or lame back give it a trial and they will be of the same opinion. 50 cent bottles for sale by F. G. Fricke & Co. Druggist.

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THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. G. Fricke.

Do not confuse the famous Blush of Roses with the many worthless paints, powders, creams and bleaches which are flooding the market. Get the genuine of your druggist, O. H. Snyder, 75 cents per bottle, and I guarantee it will remove your pimples, freckles, blackheads, moth, tan and sunburn, and give you a lovely complexion.

Electric Bitters.
This remedy is becoming so well and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50c and \$1 per bottle at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore.

A Fatal Mistake.

Physicians make no more fatal mistake than when they inform patients that nervous heart troubles come from the stomach and are of little consequence. Dr. Franklin Miles, the noted Indiana specialist, has proven the contrary in his new book on "Heart Disease" which may be had free of F. G. Fricke & Co., who guarantee and recommend Dr. Miles' unequalled new Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, drowsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

It Should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cockport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than any thing he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at F. G. Fricke & Co's drugstore. Large bottle, 50c and \$1.00.

Some Foolish People allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and \$1. Trial size free. At all druggists.

A Mystery Explained.

The papers contain frequent notices of rich, pretty and educated girls eloping with negroes, tramps and coachmen. The well-known specialist, Dr. Franklin Miles, says all such girls are more or less hysterical, nervous, very impulsive, unbalanced; usually subject to headache, neuralgia, sleeplessness, immoderate crying or laughing. These show a weak, nervous system, for which there is no remedy equal to Restorative Nervine. Trial bottles and a fine book, containing many marvelous cures, free at F. G. Fricke & Co's, who also sell and guarantee Dr. Miles' celebrated New Heart Cure, the finest of heart-tonics. Cures fluttering, short breath, etc.

As well as the handsomest and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all chronic and acute coughs, asthma bronchitis and consumption. Large bottles 50c and \$1.

Startling Facts.
The American people are rapidly becoming a race of nervous wrecks and the following suggests, the best remedy: alphonso Humpfling, of Butler, Penn., swears that when his son was speechless from St. Vitus Dance Dr Miles great Restorative Nervine cured him. Mrs. J. L. Miller of Valpara, J. D. Taolnr, of Logansport, Ind each gained 20 pounds in an taking it. Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vastulr Ind, was cured of 40 to 50 convulsions easy and much aeadach, dizziness, backach and nervous prostration by one bottle. Trial bottle and fine book of Nervous cures free at F. G. Fricke & Co., who recommends this unequalled remedy.

WHY MME JUNOT LAUGHED.

Napoleon Was Angry Because He Was Called Fats in Boots.

Mme. Junot, in her "Memoirs of Napoleon," relates many interesting and amusing anecdotes of the Emperor's youth. He was, as a lad, quick tempered, sensitive, and somewhat vain of his personal appearance, but possessed sufficient good judgment to control his temper upon occasion, and to give no evidence of injured vanity.

"I will recollect," writes Mme. Junot, "that on the day when he first put on his uniform he was as vain as young men usually are on such an occasion. There was one part of his dress which had a very droll appearance—that was his boots.

They were so high and wide that his little slim legs seemed buried in their amplitude. Young people are always ready to observe anything ridiculous, and as soon as my sister and I saw Napoleon enter the drawing-room we could not restrain our laughter.

At that early age, as well as in after life, Napoleon could not relish a joke, and when he found himself the object of merriment he was certain to become angry.

My sister, who was some years older than I, said that since he wore a sword he ought to be gallant to ladies, and, instead of being angry, should be happy that they joked with him.

"You are nothing but a child—a little pensionnaire!" said Napoleon, in a tone of contempt.

Cecile, who was then 12 or 13 years of age, was highly indignant at being called a child, and she hastily resented the affront by replying to Bonaparte, "And you are nothing but a puss in boots!"

This excited a general laugh among all present, except Napoleon, whose rage I will not attempt to describe. Though not much accustomed to society, he had too much tact not to perceive that he ought to be silent when personalities were introduced and his adversary was a child.

Though deeply mortified at the unfortunate nickname which my sister had given him, yet he affected to forget it, and to prove that he cherished no malice on the subject he had a little toy made and gave it to me. This toy consisted of a cat in boots, and in the character of a footman running before a carriage. It was well made, and must have been rather expensive to him considering his straitened circumstances.

He brought along with it a pretty little edition of the popular tale, "Puss in Boots," which he presented to my sister, begging her to keep it as a token of his remembrance.—*Youth's Companion.*

A POINTER'S GREAT LEAP.

He Jumped from a Flying Train After a Bird.

August Osthoff of Frankfort road has a pointer dog that two weeks ago he valued at \$200 at least, says the Philadelphia Record. To-day it would take \$1,000 and more to win the animal. And the reason for this jump in value is not far to seek.

A few days ago Mr. Osthoff was bound out of the city on the North Pennsylvania railroad for a gunning trip, accompanied, as usual, by his dog. He was sitting by an open window in the smoking car, while Count Beaufort crouched calmly at his feet against the side of the car. As the train started away from Edgemoor station the sportsman leaned forward to talk to some friends in the seat ahead.

The speed of the cars was increasing fast, when some boys that were shooting blackbirds in a field near by and charged a gun. Count started up and out his paw upon the window-sill.

Mr. Osthoff's friends saw the dog's intent eye and ear and one of them for fun said: "Go fetch it."

Count knew what that meant. In an instant, before his master or friend could move a muscle, he gave a spring and while the train whistled along at a twenty-five-mile-an-hour gait went flying out of the window.

Mr. Osthoff drew a quick breath as he saw his splendid hunter jump to certain death. He leaped to his feet and seized the bell-rope to stop the train. His hand was dislodged by the conductor, who said no dog would be allowed to interfere with "schedule." Osthoff stormed and fumed and said it was worth \$100 to him to get to his dog at once. But argument availed nothing, and he was told to wait till the next station was reached, when he could telegraph back for the animal.

It was a mile and a half before the next stop was made, and the sportsman alighted, expecting to walk back and find his dog's scattered remains.

He started along the rails and then stood amazed. Three hundred yards down the track, like a shooting ray of sunshine, something was scudding toward him. The stretch was covered in a few instants, and there at his feet panted Count, his tail wagging, and in his mouth the blackbird that was brought down by the boy sportsman's gun. Count knew his business, and so does his master now. That dog can't be bought for love or money.

BUYING A NAG.

Words of Caution to the Uninitiated in the Matter of Horseflesh.

In case you have fully and firmly decided to buy a family horse, and nothing on the face of the earth or above or below it will cause you to change your mind, be careful to observe certain rules and be guided by certain fixed principles, says the Detroit Free Press. It may shock you to be told that there are many reasons why you should try a white horse, but wait and see. In the first place, the boy who takes care of him has to put in more work for his wages, and that's a rebate for you. In the next, you can see him out driving on a dark night, whereas you couldn't tell whether a black horse was in front or behind you. Thirdly, if you happen to go out to the barn of a night your white horse defines his position, whereas you are quite liable to blunder off against the heels of a black one and get hurt. If you are driving around town your white horse can be seen a mile away, and the ambulance, fire engines, brick, and ice wagons can get ready to turn into the side streets and avoid being run down. Lastly, you can wear any colored socks and suspenders while driving a white horse and always combine harmony and effect. Whenever you see a man with a blue necktie driving a sorrel pacer you may be sure that he knows nothing about harmony of dress.

Do not advertise your wants, but casually mention to some friend that if he hears of something extra good and cheap he might mention it though you are in no hurry to buy. It will surprise you to find out how many good things your friend knows of in the way of horseflesh, and how anxious he is to do you a kindness. The first horse will be around to your house in exactly twenty-five minutes.

Don't get the idea that everybody in town wants to sell his nag. No more than one-half of the horses will be sent around to you.

The first point to settle is the price. You are willing to pay \$200. Every man with a horse is willing to sell for \$250, which is of course a sacrifice of at least \$50 on his part. It is a sad thing to see a man have to knock off \$50 from the actual value of the best family horse in the world, but you are not advised to shed any tears over it. In the course of an hour, if you exhibit proper firmness and indifference, you can beat him down to your figure. You feel that you are robbing him and that it is a mean action on your part, but feelings don't count in buying a horse.

Now, first examine the animal's mouth. If there are any tenpenny nails between his teeth or he has a piece of bootleg laid away alongside of his cheek for a quid he's a hearty feeder and all right. The black spots on the teeth indicate the horse's age. If there are only three then he is a 3-year-old. If there are six then he is a 60-year-old.

The eyes come next. Be sure that his sight is all right and that he won't take a dancing bear or a minstrel parade for a load of new hay coming to town from Taylor township. The best way to test a horse's vision is to stand off with a piece of board and make as if you would hit him across the nose.

The feet have considerable to do with a horse, as he is popularly supposed to walk around on them. Look out for quarter-cracks, half-cracks, and whole cracks. Don't pay as much for a quarter-crack as a whole one. The frog of the foot should be located somewhere near the center in a good horse.

Then look for ringbones and spavins. Take the chances that the other fellow doesn't know any more than you do about it, and look around the legs instead of the head and neck. It will be best to find some, or something to make him believe that you are not a greenhorn. Then ask the following questions:

"Has he ever been sick?"
"No."
"Does he crib?"
"No."
"Does he kick?"
"Never."
"Has he ever run away?"
"You couldn't scare him into such a thing."
"Will he stand?"
"Like a rock."
"Afraid of anything?"
"Nothing on earth."
"What's his best record?"
"2-21."
"Can my wife drive him?"
"Right up to an elephant if she wants to."
"How is he on shoes?"
"Say! I was going to speak to you about that. He only needs shoeing twice a year. Never saw a horse so easy on shoes."
"Looks like a heavy feeder."
"But he isn't. Six quarts of oats and a pinch of hay will keep him rolling fat."
"Then you guarantee him all around?"
"I do. If there's one single thing wrong with that horse I don't know it."

"Well, I guess I'll take him." And he turns out to be just as good a horse as if you had gone out to a pasture some night, shut your eyes, and lung a stone, and cried out that you'd take the nag the missile fell nearest to.

Lake Palmyra is a part of the Mississippi River at high water, but at present its bottom is dry, with a thin upper crust of dry earth and a deep lower layer of soft mud. A half-witted negro who tried to walk across to an island broke through the crust. In one day he sank to the waist, and in two days to the neck. On the night of the second day he was pulled out.

Farmers on the Pacific coast are interested in a discussion of the uselessness or usefulness of a pig's tail. One side argues that it is as useless as the letter P in pneumonia. The other side asserts that the tail indicates the exact physical condition of the animal. If it hangs loose, it indicates that the pig is not in condition and that its feed should be changed. If it be coiled tightly, it indicates contentment and good health.